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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 24.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 76.

From the Albany Patriot.
GERRIT SMITH'S REPLY TO EDMUND QUINCY.
PETERBORO', Nov. 23, 1846.

Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Mass.

DEAR Sir—I have this evening read your letter to me in the last Liberator. I am so busy in making preparations to leave home for a month or two, that my reply must be brief. A reply I must make—for you might construe my silence into discourtesy and unkindness.

From your remark, that you have not seen my "recent writings or speeches," I infer that you do not design to cast a look upon the newspapers of the Liberty party. Your *proud* and *disdaining* style of mind toward this party accounts for some of the mistakes in your letter. For instance, were you a reader of their newspapers, you would not charge me with irreverently using the term "Bible politics." You evidently suppose that I identify the Federal Constitution and the Liberty party with the politics of the Bible. But, in my discourses on "Bible politics," which, to no small extent, are made up directly from the pages of the Bible, I seek but to show what are the Heavens-intended uses of civil government, and what the necessary qualifications of those who administer it. So far are these discourses from commanding the Constitution, or the Liberty party, that they not so much as allude, either to the one or the other. Again, were you a reader of the newspapers of this party, you would know its name. You would, in that case, know that "Liberty party" is the name which, from the first, it has chosen for itself; and that "Third party" is only a nickname, which low-minded persons have given to it. You well know that there are low-minded persons, who, seeing nothing in the good man, who is the object of their hatred, for that hatred to seize upon, will try to harm him by nicknaming him. It is such as these who naively toward the Liberty party, for want of argument against that truth-exposing and self-sacrificing party, vented itself in a nickname. Be assured, my dear sir, that I have no hard feelings toward you for misnaming my party.—You are a gentleman; and your errors, therefore, purely unintentional. Upon your innocent ignorance—too easy and credulous, in this instance, I admit—the base creatures who coined this nickname have palmed it, as the real name of the Liberty party. You are a gentleman; and hence, as certainly, your good breeding accords to every party, however little and despised, the privilege of naming itself, so certainly, when you are awake to this deception, which has been practised upon your credulity, you will be deeply indignant at it. I see, from his late speech in Faneuil Hall, that even Mr. Webster has fallen into the mistake of taking "Third party" to be the name of the Liberty party. The columns of the Liberator have most probably led him into it. Being set right on this point yourself, you will, of course, take pleasure in setting right him. He will thank you for doing so, for when he comes to know that "Third party" is but a nickname and the invention of blackguards, he will shrink from the vulgarity and meanness of revoking it. Again, were you a reader of the newspapers of the Liberty party, you would not feel yourself authorized to take it for granted that to hold an office under the Constitution is to be guilty of swearing to uphold slavery. On the contrary, you would be convinced that nine-tenths of the Abolitionists of the country—nine-tenths, too, of the wisest and worthiest of them—believe that an oath to abide by the Constitution, is an oath to labor for the overthrow of slavery. Were you a reader of the newspapers of the Liberty party, you would know that this position of these nine-tenths of the Abolitionists of the country is fortified by arguments of William Goodell and Lysander Spooner, which there has been no attempt to answer, and that too for the most probable reason that they are unanswered. I am not sure that you have ever heard of these gentlemen. Theirs are, perhaps, unmentioned names in the line of your reading and associations. Nevertheless, I strongly desire that you may read their arguments. Your reading of them will, I hope, moderate the supercilious and dogmatic style, in which you, in common with the Abolitionists of your particular school, talk and write on this subject. If this or ought else, shall have the effect to relax that extreme *turkey-cock tension of pride*, with which you and your fellows strut up and down the arena of this controversy, the friends of modesty and good manners will have occasion to rejoice.

I have not taken up my pen to write another argument on the Constitution. Two or three years ago, I presumed to write one; and the way in which it was treated, is a caution to me not to repeat the presumption. I shall not soon forget the fury with which Mr. Wendell Phillips, whom you so highly praise in the letter before me, pounced upon it.—Nothing short of declaring me to be a thief and a liar could relieve his swollen spirit, or give adequate vent to his foaming wrath. He would probably have come to me ashamed of himself, had not his review of me been endorsed by Mr. Garrison, and also by one, who it is said, is even greater than Mr. Garrison—"the power behind the throne."

I do not doubt, my dear sir, that you and your associates have sincerely adopted your conclusions respecting the Constitution. That you should be thoroughly convinced by your own arguments is a natural and almost necessary consequence of self-complacency, which uniformly characterizes persons who regard themselves as *ne plus ultra* reformers. I wish you could find it in your hearts to reprobate our liberality in acknowledging your sincerity, and to admit that we who differ from you, are also sincere. No longer, then, would you suppose us, as you do in your present letter, to be guilty of "jesuitical evasions," or to be capable of being, to use your own capitals, "PERJURED LIARS." No longer then would you and the gentlemen of your school, speak of us as a pack of office-seekers, hypocrites and scoundrels. But you

would then treat us—your equal brethren, as honestly and ardently desirous as yourselves, to advance the dear cause to which you are devoted—with decency and kindness, instead of *contempt* and *brutality*. I honor you and your associates as true-hearted friends of the slave; and nor man, nor devil, shall ever extort from my lips or pen a word of injustice against any of you. I honor you also for the sincerity of your beliefs, that they who dissent from your exposition of the Constitution are in the wrong. But I am deeply grieved at your *superciliousness* and *intolerance* toward those whose desire to know and do their duty, is no less strong nor pure than your own. Far am I from intimating that the blame of the internal dissensions of the Abolitionists belong wholly to yourselves. No very small share of it should be appropriated by such of them as have indulged a bad spirit in speaking uncandidly and unkindly of yourselves. All classes of Abolitionists have need to humble themselves before God for having retarded the cause of the slave by guilty dissensions.

I would that I could inspire you with some distrust of your infallibility. I should, thereby, be rendering good service to yourself and to the cause of truth. Will you bear to have me point out some of the blunders in the letter to which I now reply? And when you shall have seen them, will you suffer your wonder to shade, that the great body of Abolitionists do not more promptly and implicitly bow to the *ipse dixit* of yourself and your fellow infidels? Casting myself on your indulgence, and at the risk of ruffling your self-complacency, I proceed to point out to you some of these blunders.

Blunder No. 1. You charge me with holding that the clause of the Constitution relating to the slave-trade, provides for its abolition. What I do hold to, however, is, that part of the Constitution which entrusts Congress with the power to regulate commerce, provides for the abolition of this trade. That Congress would use the power to abolish this trade was deemed certain by the whole Convention which framed the Constitution. Hence a portion of its members would not consent to grant this power, unless modified by the clause concerning the slave-trade, and unless too, this clause were made irrevocable. When the life-time of this modification had expired, Congress, doing just what the anti-slavery spirit of the Constitution and the universal expectation of the nation demanded, prohibited our participation in the African slave-trade. I readily admit that the clause in question is, considered by itself, pro-slavery. But it is to be viewed as a part of the anti-slavery bargain for suppressing the African slave-trade, and as a part, without which, the anti-slavery bargain could not have been made. Did I not infer from your own words, that you cannot possibly bring yourself to condescend to read the writings or speeches of Liberty party men, if I asked you to read what I wrote to John G. Whittier and Adin Ballou, on that part of the Constitution now under consideration?

Blunder No. 2. But what pro-slavery act can that part of the Constitution which respects the African slave-trade, require at the hands of one who should now swear to support the Constitution? None. No more than if the thing, now entirely obsolete, had never been. What a blunder then to speak of this part of the Constitution as an obstacle in the way of swearing to support those parts of it which still remain operative!

Blunder No. 3. In your letter before me, as well as your approval of an article in the Liberator of 30th last month, you take the position that the pro-slavery interpretations of the Constitution, at the hands of Courts and law-makers, are conclusive that that instrument is pro-slavery. But you will yourself go so far as to admit that all slavery under the national flag, and in the District of Columbia, and indeed everywhere, save in the Old Thirteen States, is unconstitutional. Nevertheless, all such parts of unconstitutional slavery have repeatedly been approved by Courts and law-makers. You say that the Constitution is what its exponents interpret it to be; and that inasmuch as they interpret it to be pro-slavery, you are bound to reject it. But the dignified and authoritative exponents of the Bible interpret it to be pro-slavery. Why then, according to your own rules, should you not reject the Bible also? Tallyrand, you know, thought a blunder worse than a crime. You and I do not agree with him. But we certainly cannot fail to agree with each other, that your blunder No. 3, is a very bad blunder.

Blunder No. 4. You declare that because the Constitution is, as you allege, pro-slavery, it is inconsistent and unfair to reject a slaveholder from holding office under it. Extend the application if you will, that you may see its absurdity. The Constitution of my State makes a dark skin a disqualification for voting. Hence, in choosing officers under it—even revisers of the Constitution itself—I am not at liberty, according to your rule, to exclude a man from the range of my selection, on the ground that he is in favor of such disqualification. Nay, more, I must regard his agreement with the Constitution on this point, as an argument in favor of his claim to my vote. Again, to conform to your rule, a wicked community should, because it is wicked, choose a wicked preacher—or because it is ignorant, choose an ignorant school master. Yours is a rule that refuses to yield to the law of progress, and that shuts the door against all human improvement. You would, for the sake of their consistency, have an individual—have a people—remain as wicked as they are—and vote for drunkards and slaveholders, because they have always done so. The provision of the Constitution for its own amendment, is, of itself, enough to silence your doctrine, that the agreement of a man's character and views with the Constitution, is necessarily an argument for, and can never be an argument against, his holding office under it. The provision opens the door for choosing to office under the Constitution, those who disagree with it. This provision implies that in the progress of things, a man's agreement with the Constitution may be a

conclusive objection to clothing him with official power under it.

But I will stop my enumeration of your blunders, and put you a few questions.

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled by the decision, in the year 1772, of the highest Court of England, that there was no legal slavery in any of the States of this Nation at the time the Constitution was adopted?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no legal slavery in any of the States of this Nation at the time of its adoption, no legal slavery in any of the States?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitution created no slaves; and that it is not to be held as even recognizing slavery, provided there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that the American people adhered to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, chattel slavery would, ere this, have ceased to exist in the Nation?

You will of course, be constrained to answer all these questions in the affirmative.—And I wish, that when you shall have answered them, you would also answer one more—and that is the question whether, since you are hotly eager for the overthrow of all civil Governments—they are not Governments whose laws, if laws they may be called, are without the sanctions of force; you ought not to guard yourself most carefully from seeking unjust occasions against them, and from gratifying your hatred of them, at the expense of candor and truth? An atheist in the heart is not unfrequently known to publish his grief over that he (afflicted soul!) is pain-ed to be obliged to admit the blessings upon the Bible. His words are as if this blessed book were inexplicably dear to him. Nevertheless, his inward and deep desire is that, with or without the blessings he imputes to it, the Bible may perish. Our non-resistants throw themselves into an agony before the public eye, on account of the pro-slavery, which they allege taints the Constitution.—But aside, in their confidential circles, their language is, "the Constitution pro-slavery or anti-slavery, let it perish." Write the Constitution unexceptionable to you on the score of slavery, you would, being a non-resistant, still hate it with unappeasable hatred. Now, I put it to you, my dear sir, whether shall we go? Say Christian brother, and witness Heaven and earth, whether shall we go? Do we hear a voice from you saying, "Come here!" Or are we mistaken? Say, brother, are we not greater objects of pity than our highly favored and fortunate brethren of the North? (Heaven bless and preserve them!)"

If such, my friend, is the woe, when but a few hundred colored persons (and part of them free) find themselves deserted by the national power, what will it not be when, in the bosoms of three millions of slaves, all hope of the interposition of that power shall die? That power I would labor to turn into the channel of deliverance to these millions. That power you would destroy. Alas, were it this day destroyed, what a long black night would settle down upon those millions!—Vengeance might, indeed, succeed to despair; and such a deliverance would be through blood, reaching, in Apocalyptic language, "even to the horse bridles;" and to such a deliverance neither you nor I would knowingly contribute.

But I am extending my letter to double the length I intended to give it—and must stop. With great regard,

Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

From the Liberator.
Friend of Edmund Quincy to Gerrit Smith.

DEBRAH, Dec. 11, 1846.

Gerrit Smith, Esq., Peterboro', N.Y.

DEAR Sir:—I received yesterday a copy of the Albany Patriot, of the 9th instant, containing your reply to my letter to you of the 12th ultimo, for which, I presume, I am indebted to your politeness. I too, am on the eve of leaving home, to attend an anti-slavery meeting in Philadelphia, and fear that the haste in which I must write may make me omit noticing some points in your letter which you may deem worthy of remark. If so, that haste must be my excuse.

And first, I will despatch the matter that seems to me most impetuously to call for notice in your letter, as it is one affecting my personal character, and endeavor to show that nothing in my letter to you is justly obnoxious to the charge of ill-breeding or bad manners. You complain that I speak of the party to which I belong, as the "Third party," which you consider as "a nickname," "the invention of blackguards," of "low-minded persons," of "base creatures," the use of which is characterized by "vulgarity and meanness." You indeed excuse me for employing the term, on the hypothesis that I am ignorant of the name your party has assumed; but as you can hardly be serious in this supposition, and especially as in my letter to you, I speak of that party as one "that has baptized herself with the name of Liberty," I cannot but think that your politeness has led you to disguise your censure under the veil of irony—a figure of speech—to the use of which (Heaven help me!) I am the last man in the world that has any right to object.

Your opinion on this matter, I think, rests on two fallacies. First, that a party has a right to take any name it chooses, and to demand the concurrence of all mankind in this nomenclature. This proposition I deny.—Every man has a right to judge, whether the name assumed by a party or sect, (and especially when, as in this case, it is one invidious or offensive to other parties or sects of equal claims to the appellation,) is a correct description of its character, and, if he thinks it is not, to refuse to accord the name to it. And, secondly, that the term "Third party," is one of opprobrium and reproach.—This I also deny. I had no such thought when I employed it. And on the face of it, the idea is absurd. If I choose to call the Democratic party the "First party," and the Whig party the "Second party," I apprehend that neither would have any right to complain, nor should I at all compromise my character for good-breeding by such a use of language.

Had I known, indeed, that your feeling was so strong on this point, I should have avoided the employment of a term personally offensive to you, and I will endeavor to be on my guard in this letter, and in any future correspondence I may have the honor to hold with you, against a use of words which gives you pain; but I cannot renounce my right to apply such a nomenclature as may seem good to me, on other occasions to your party as well as to any other. And here permit me to say, that I am a little surprised at the extreme sensitiveness of yourself and your party, to judge by the tone of its organs which I sometimes see, to this matter of its name. I can only account for it upon that principle of human nature, which is said (though certainly with many eminent exceptions)

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with which they apply themselves to display the existence of the most prominent feature of our national countenance, which thrusts itself into our faces every moment of our lives, is worthy of all admiration. The celebrated prologue of the hero of Slawkenberg's tale, or even the facial promontory of Prince Neesey himself, in the fairy tale, would vanish before the logic of these gentlemen, should they ever have occasion to maintain the theory that "THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE IS AN ANTI-NASAL INSTRUMENT!" Their dialectic skill surpasses even that of Hudibras himself, who could only divide

A hair 'twixt south and southwest side?" Whereas these gentlemen could box the compass about the finest air that ever floated in the sky, I have no disposition to doay their loftiness, but it seems to me to be about as much misplaced as that of the projector in the Academy at Ligado, who spent his life in trying to make cloth out of cobwebs.

You affirm that I have made several blunders in my letter, to which I must briefly advert. First, you deny that you held "that the clause in the Constitution relating to the Slave-Trade provides for its abolition." My reason for thinking that you did was the following passage in your letter, of July 18th, 1844, to John G. Whittier, Esq. You say that "the colonies, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, each agreed with its partners, under the new compact, not that it would continue this trade for nineteen years, (that would have been a pro-slavery agreement,) but that, if it continued it at all, it would discontinue it after nineteen years, and that made it an anti-slavery agreement." If you can see anything of this nature in the clause in question, perhaps I ought not to be surprised that you are unable to discern Slavery in the Constitution. The States made no such agreement at all. They only agreed that, "Congress should prohibit the Slave-Trade after 1808, then they would discontinue it." You appeal to the history of the Convention to confirm your theory, (though this is an assistance which your authentic expositor, Mr. Spenser, rejects with contempt,) that the Slave-Trade compromise was one made by Slavery to Anti-Slavery. You have read that history to a strange purpose, if you do not know that it was the slaveholders that demanded that the Slave-Trade should be sac*d*e*nt*, even from Congress, for nineteen years, and that only at the end of that time it should be *not discontinued*, as you affirm, but submitted to the power granted to Congress to regulate commerce, to be continued or discontinued as it should deem best. Had I not a right to deal out to you the same measure, if I thought you deserved it, that had meted out to him? Has Mr. Phillips not done justice to the Slave-Trade?

If they were meant to apply to my general language respecting your party and its measures, I can only, in the absence of distinct specifications, put in a general plea of "not guilty." You complain that I, in common with "the gentlemen of my school, speak of your party as a pack of office seekers, hypocrites, and scoundrels." This I have never done, and I have never known of its being done by any one of my friends. That you are "office-seekers," I am afraid cannot be denied, as the very essence of a political party is the seeking for office. I never spoke of you as a set of hypocrites and scoundrels; though I might not in truth deny that you have some of the choicest specimens of both, in your high places. I have always done justice to the sincerity of the masses of your party, mistaken as I thought them. Indeed, I fancy that my toleration and indulgence are more liberal than your own; for while I have always granted the sincerity of the thousands of Abolitionists in your party, I have always been as willing to admit the equal sincerity of the tens of thousands of equally honest Abolitionists in the Whig and Democratic parties. I always maintained the anti-slavery principles of those Abolitionists to be as good as those of your party, and their method not worse.

You think that were I a reader of the papers of your party, "I should not feel myself authorized to take it for granted, that to hold an office under the Constitution is to be guilty of swearing to support Slavery." I cannot think that such reading, however extensive, would alter my opinion on so plain a point as this. If you mean that I should learn that many "wise and worthy Abolitionists" think that they can swear to support the Constitution, without compromising their anti-slavery character, I certainly do not need such a course of study for my information. For I know too well the opinions and the practices of honest Abolitionists in your party, and of equally honest, and no more inconsistent, Abolitionists in the other two. But the character of the Constitution is a matter of *fact*, and not of *opinion*, and no array of numbers, and no amount of honest error, could change my view of so very plain a fact.

You doubt whether I have ever heard of the name of Messrs. Wendell Goodell and Lysander Spooner. I have heard of both those gentlemen, though I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with either of them, and am familiar with their arguments on this subject. These arguments, you say, "there has been no attempt to answer,"—from which circumstance you somewhat grudgingly infer that they are unanswerable. But the very page of the newspaper which contains your reply to me, shows that there has been an answer attempted to the first-named of these gentlemen, and to judge from the tone and temper of the explosion, (for it can hardly be called a reply,) which it has produced, to some little purpose. You remember that Fontenelle, in his extreme old age, though he could not hear the words of an argument, used to boast that he could always tell which disputant was in the wrong, by observing which got angry first. And if it be true that no reply has been made to the arguments of Mr. Spooner, I apprehend it is to be attributed to any other reason than its being unanswerable.

Nothing has ever satisfied me more conclusively of the sinking condition of your party, than the desperate eagerness with which it has clutched at the straws extended to it, first in the argument of Mr. Goodell, and, since that gentleman has been kicked on one side, to make way for the younger "expounder of the Constitution," in that of Mr. Spooner. The arguments of these gentlemen are certainly striking examples of that species of rationalization, which is, vulgarly but expressively, denominated "arguing the nose off a man's face." The *sorcerous*

handwriting of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle* is clearly visible across the top of the page.

ignorant community, or the drunkards, stood to you, at the time you entered into your political compact with them, in the same relation that the slaveholders did to the free States in 1789, and you recognized and sustained their prejudice, wickedness, ignorance, or drunkenness, in your Constitution, then I think you would be forced, as a just man, from objecting to them as candidates. This I conceive to be a fair illustration. All religions are placed, by the Constitution, on an equal footing. If a party should be formed on the principle of "no voting for Catholics, nor for those in political fellowship with Catholics," I think that party would stand on precisely the same ground with yours. In both cases, the party would rest upon the rejection of a class of men, whom, by the Constitutional consent, the people have agreed to consider as good as anybody else. It can be done, of course, but only, I apprehend, by a breach of faith towards the ostracised persons.

Having finished your enumeration of my blunders, you propose to me the following question:

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled by the decision, in the year 1772, of the highest court of England, that there was not any legal Slavery in our American colonies?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no legal Slavery in any of the States of this nation at the time the Constitution was adopted?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitution created no Slavery; and that it is to be held as even recognizing Slavery, provided there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal Slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that had the American people adhered to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, chattel Slavery would, ere this, have ceased to exist in the nation?

You then add, with singular naïveté, "you will, of course, be constrained to answer all these questions in the affirmative." I cannot conjecture why you should take my assent to these extraordinary propositions for granted. I return a prompt, decided, emphatic, and categorical negative to each and all of them. This is all that is necessary, at this time, even had I space to discuss them. I would only say to those who have never sat at the feet of the present Gamaliel of your party ("its Cynthia of the minute!"), that the play is on the word "legal," and the answer to the questions depends upon the definition given to that word. As to the third question, of course I do not believe that the Constitution created Slavery, but it took notice of the actual existence of Slavery in the several sovereignties of which it was the League, by their common and statute law, and recognized and provided for it.

I am not disposed to enter into the merits of the Non-Resistance question, at the present time, although you open that issue at the close of your letter. I will not even be at the pains to correct your mistaken notions of the nature of that movement,—which is not exactly eager for the overthrow of civil governments,—but earnestly desirous of changing the *animus* that informs them,—which does not oppose the use of necessary force or of wise restraint, but would have been solely employed for the care and restoration, never for the punishment, of the criminal,—which has no plot against the institutions of society, but only a hope of substituting the spirit of benevolence, good will, and mutual confidence for that of selfishness, fear, and violence which now pervades them. I will attempt no defence, or even explanation of that philosophy. For what is it to the present purpose? Suppose the non-resistant Disunionists to be all you imagine them. Suppose that we are in the habit of meeting, at midnight, with dark lanterns and slouched hats, like so many Guy Fawkes, to glorify over the explosion of the mine which we are running underneath the foundations of human society, and which is to blow it "sky high, Sir, sky high!"—what, then? You surely would not condemn the innocent with the guilty!

For you can scarcely be ignorant, notwithstanding the dust that is thrown by your party papers, that the non-resistants are but a very inconsiderable fraction of the Disunion ranks. The great majority of the Disunionists have no quarrel with the Constitution of the United States, excepting its pro-slavery character. I am sorry for it, but it is.

One thing, however, you will permit me to say, before concluding this long letter, and it is this. I conceive that you and the gentlemen who promulgate the doctrines of your party, as to the Constitution of the United States, are not the men to censure non-resistants for the mischiefs their opinions would bring upon mankind. Your own doctrines appear to me to strike at the root, not only of civil government, but of human society. If men may construe the most solemn contracts to please themselves; if they may receive the consideration of a bargain, and then refuse to perform the conditions; if the sanctity of oaths may be dispensed with by mental reservation or verbal equivocation; if Constitutions of Government and solemn acts are to be submitted, like the dogmas of religious belief, to the caprices of private judgment; if the obligations of promises may be avoided by the pretense of conscience, and be construed on the understanding of him that makes, and not him that receives them; if every man is thus to be a Constitution and a law unto himself,—then, a state of genuine no-government would ensue,—in which there would be no law but mob-law, no magistrate but Judge Lynch, a state of things which would be the very essence of Jacobinism, the very quintessence of anarchy.

I do not charge you or your party, with any deliberate design to bring about this condition of things; but such seems to me the necessary tendency of the looseness of your political morality. The tendency to disorganization, and the growing disregard to public and private obligations, is everywhere to be seen, and nowhere out of the slave country, more conspicuously than in your own State. I do not suppose that your party has had much influence in producing this state of things, for it is not considerable enough to have much effect in any way; but I am sure it has had no tendency to retard it. I am not acquainted, as you suggest, with what you call "Bible politics;" but if they be consistent with that laxity of moral and political principle on which I have announced, and the consequences of which I have traced,—and especially as you yourself state that the Bible, as you read it, still compels you to "linger round the bloody and life-taking doctrines" which deform civilized institutions,—I can but trust that God may never visit them in his wrath upon

the community where I and my children are appointed to abide.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
EDMUND QUINCY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Pro-Slavery Methodism.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

A few weeks since the "Rev." Parker, of the North Ohio Conference, undertook to defend the M. E. Church against the attacks of anti-slavery men, who declare her to be pro-slavery. He announced that if he did not satisfy the people that the church was anti-slavery, he would then debate the question with "any competent person."

The people were not satisfied, and on the following evening was replied to by J. W. Walker, of Cleveland, who, in reviewing the lecture of the previous day, showed that what little was said on the subject was entirely contradicted by facts. Friend Walker, in examining the discipline of the M. E. C., proved that it allowed and justified the international slave trade, and the holding of slaves to any possible extent. That it nevertheless condemned slavery as sin, but acknowledged the right of property in man. That all the parade about the extirpation of the evil of slavery was a farce, intended to blind and deceive. That they proposed to do nothing that could possibly, even in untold generations, tend to the emancipation of the slaves, but must necessarily increase the curse, and perpetuate its existence.

Those clauses that make the laws of the state regulate the action of the church received no mercy at his hands; the time-serving priestly sycophancy of that church, looked supremely contemptible.

The action of her grand councils, or, as she calls them, her General Conferences, were then examined, when it was shown that her whole influence had been given to the side of slavery. That they had repeatedly declared that they were opposed to abolitionism, to all anti-slavery movements whatever. That they denounced the friends of the slave, while not a word was ever uttered in behalf of the perishing bondman. The speaker remarked that when the General Conference, in 1836, declared that they "had no wish or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation existing between master and slave," they gave utterance to a GREAT TRUTH, for this had been, and still was the settled policy of that church. She has no wish but to see the chains tightened and the fetter made faster.

The action of her Annual Conferences, the recorded sayings and sentiments of her leading priests underwent review, and were fully shown to be on the side of the oppressor. The speaker then enquired what has been the usage of the church? She has daily been adding to the number of her slaves; she has yearly increased the number of her man-stealing communicants; she has cherished the viper, and it has bitten under her fostering care. While she has as far as in her lay, martyred those who dared to declare that her man-stealing, woman-whipping, cradle-plundering practice was of the devil.

At the close of the meeting, the "Rev." Parker announced that on a subsequent evening he would reply.

At the time appointed, he edified his audience until the last possible particle of patience had expired, and many had left the house. Such an exhibition of low priestly cunning, base canting hypocrisy, and double-dealing, I have rarely listened to. I hazard nothing when I say that the lecture was three hours evasion. It must have been a studied attempt to mislead and deceive. One would suppose that every thing the man had thought of for a year was jumbled into what he was pleased to call a "reply." At one time he would be engaged in demolishing, as he supposed, S. S. Foster; then in combating Orange Scott; then he would spend a long time in reading a reply from his "own pen" to Luther Lee—who he was pleased to call the greatest logician in the country—which reply, of course, left Lee forever in the shade; then he would examine the Wesleyan Discipline for near an hour, although told that the book he was reading from was not the discipline. Now he would warn friend W. for selling the "Brotherhood of Thieves," and then tell us how he felt for sinners, and longer to see a revival of religion. Then he would try to work on the sympathies of his dupes by talking about "their mother, and would they leave their mother, and would they speak evil of their mother," and such like hypocritical slang; read extracts from Asbury to show that the M. E. Church was anti-slavery, and finally found fault because friend W. did not open his meeting with prayer.

At the close friend W. stated that he came there to discuss one question, viz: "Is the M. E. Church anti-slavery?" and did not feel free to waste his own and the people's time in discussing "everything." That he should speak the next afternoon and evening, and if his opponent needed it he might have Eternity to reply in.

In the afternoon friend W. spoke on the parable of the man who fell among thieves, distinctly stating that that lecture was no part of the discussion.

He proved beyond all controversy that the conduct of the priesthood had been of the most sickening kind—that they had stolen

the livery of heaven that they might commit the most fearful atrocities—that they had entered into an engagement, and had ever been faithful to it, to stand by and defend the heaven-daring crime of chattel slavery—that they had ever stood up the vindictors of oppression, and for a reward took portion of the slave child's food, a part of the slave mother's clothing, and the price of her chastity.—That if the Bible had been dragged into the service of slavery, the priest had done it.—That if a book had been written in defense of baby stealing, the priest had written it. If a champion was wanted to defend the system, the priest was the man. That they were ready to do any villainous action for hire.—"Mothers," said the speaker, pointing to the "Rev." Parker, "that man stands here to-day to plead that under some circumstances it is right to steal your babies." Husbands that is right to tear from you your wives, &c.; the effect was powerful—intense was the feeling of indignation towards the "Rev." about tons of sin.

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That they denounced the friends of the slave,

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The speaker remarked that if so far as he

was concerned, he had no objection to

the discipline of the M. E. C.,

he would be willing to accept it.

That he had no objection to the discipline of

the M. E. C., but that he had no objection to

the discipline of the A. S. C.

That he had no objection to the discipline of

the A. S. C., but that he had no objection to

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the discipline of the A. S. C.

That he had no objection to the discipline of

be that when the grave opens to receive them and they pass from the presence of men, 'the world shall take no note of their departure,' and build no monument to their memories, yet their influence is enstamped upon the age, it will outlive the crumbling cenotaphs of forgotten heroes, and exist even when time shall be no more. May God strengthen and sustain them! for it is mainly through the efforts of such laborers that the slave is to be redeemed and the spirit of tyranny cast out—they are the little rills which are to form and feed the mighty river which is destined to bear upon its bosom the gifts of freedom and of joy to the fettered bondman. The bed of the Mississippi would be a streamless ravine were it not for the constant supply it receives from the numberless rivulets which gather up the drops as they trickle from rock to rock upon the far distant hills and mountains, and bring them to that river upon whose waters float the costly palaces and gigantic warehouses of a mighty people. And though the traveller may hasten to his port of embarkation all unmindful of the petty stream which crosses his pathway, yet it is to the aggregate power of just such streams that he designs to entrust his person and his property; and those who now scorn the faithful labors in an unpopular cause of the almost unknown and wholly unhonored few, shall hereafter be moved by the influence of those labors to deeds for Humanity's sake.

In many of the churches there exists a spirit of inquiry whose progress cannot be stayed, and some are beginning to perceive that an endorsement of the slaveholder's claim to the name of Christian is a virtual support of slavery. Though the cry of infidelity has been used as a shield with which to ward off the blows of truth, yet 'the common people,'—who if left to the instinct of their own divine nature, will hearken as gladly to the voice of the Teacher now, speaking through the feelings and emotions of their hearts, as they did eighteen hundred years ago, when the Master moved personally among them—are becoming dissatisfied with their position, and are inquiring, "What shall we do to be saved from the guilt of slavery?" Many of the churches are agitated and distracted by the discussion of this great question, much to the sorrow of those who value sectarian unity more than righteous principle. They feel the growing pressure of an anti-slavery public sentiment, both within and without, and are unable to resist it; and those who sit in high places see with dismay that the thinking portion of the people are not to be diverted from an examination of their own condition by the iteration and reiteration of charges—whether true or false—preferred against others. If it were not for the efforts of those who, believing their craft in danger, cry "Great is Diana of the Methodists!" "Great is Diana of the Disciples!" "Great is the Diana of our denomination!" the churches on the Reserve would be speedily purified of slavery; nor can they long resist the truth with all the talent and ingenuity of a pro-slavery priesthood to sustain them, for "God hath bared his right arm for the battle."

In some of the towns we visited, anti-slavery sewing circles had been organized, and it was evident that the interest which the women there felt in the cause, was, as a general thing, very much greater than among those where such plan of labor had not been adopted. The subject was necessarily brought before them at their weekly or their semi-monthly meetings, and so delightful are these frequent gatherings, and so evident the benefit resulting therefrom, that with many it has come to be regarded as a pleasure and a privilege to attend them—a pleasure, which an abolitionist only can fully know, a privilege which none other can rightly appreciate.—We hope the friends of the Disunion movement, and of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, which is the only association this side the mountains that endorses and sustains the movement, will faithfully use this instrumentality in promoting the spread of their principles. Let them not be disengaged if but few should manifest an interest in it—where two or three are gathered together in such a cause, good will certainly result. Abolitionists should be the last persons in the world to despise the day of small things, or to undervalue the disinterested efforts of the humblest individuals. To say nothing about the other benefits flowing from their voluntary labor for the welfare of their fellow men, their gatherings present to the world an example worthy of all imitation, and in this do great service to the cause of reform.

The Liberator.

The price of this invaluable paper has been reduced to \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$2.50 at the expiration of six months. Its spirit-stirring editorials, strong and thrilling as the blasts of a war trumpet—its choice selections—its extensive domestic and foreign correspondence, combine to render it a periodical of uncommon interest. It is the pioneer sheet in the cause of Immediate Emancipation—is Wm. Lloyd Garrison's own paper, and not the organ of a Society—takes a general view of all reformatory movements; hence it possesses attractions of no ordinary nature. We hope it will have an extensive circulation in the West as well as in the East.

ALEXANDER BARROW, U. S. Senator from Louisiana, died in Baltimore, on Christmas day, after a short illness.

Dickinson and Keller.

The communication with this caption appears to be written in a very good spirit, and is certainly worthy of consideration. It is very difficult to decide (and the writer would find it so were he at our post,) in regard to many articles, whether they should or should not be published. One sends a communication he deems of much consequence—indeed he seems to think the success of the anti-slavery cause in his place depends upon its publication. We give place to it—perhaps it does a good work in his neighborhood, but the readers of the Bugle generally are not interested in it. Now the question arises shall we reject such communications, or will our readers enlarge their sympathy, expand their ideas, and interest themselves in every movement that has the most remote bearing upon the cause, whether it be made in a retired place or elsewhere? By this we do not mean to encourage an extensive correspondence of a local character—we have too much of that already.

The Bugle has many contributors, let each be tolerant toward the other, and let each remember that the article which has far less interest to him than the one he penned himself, is of equal importance perhaps in the eyes of others. And if the readers of our paper who are not contributors, do not like our correspondence, it shall be superseded by that which is better if they will furnish it—for we doubt not our present correspondents love the cause of the slave so well, that they would be willing to give place to that which would do more good.

In regard to the letters of Dickinson and Keller, we acknowledge that the space they occupy might have been filled with more interesting matter, but still we cannot agree with "A Subscriber" that these letters have nothing to do with the anti-slavery cause.—Were he acquainted with the state of things at Randolph, and with the efforts of Keller to injure the Disunion movement, he would regard these letters in a different light. We are obliged to him however for his suggestion and will endeavor to profit thereby.

Found His Place.

A recent number of a Liberty party paper publishes the names of the speakers who are expected to attend a Convention of that party to be held on the Reserve, and among others, is that of Isaac Winans, Portage co.—We rejoice to know that this Reverend gentleman has at last shown his true colors—none will now mistake him for a Disunionist. In a letter written by him last spring to a friend of ours in this place, although he did not speak of himself as being fully one in sentiment, he intimated that it would be far more agreeable to him to be engaged in some anti-slavery movement less tinged with politics than was the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society (not the Ohio *American* that was, now the Western) with which he had been connected. He is now advertised as a speaker at the Convention of a political party.

We do hope, that in that Convention he will not be so injudicious as to insist upon asking the members the same question he was so determined we should answer in our meeting at Garettsville a few weeks since. And we think he will not; for George Bradburn of Mass., who is to be a brother speaker of Mr. Winans, being, if we mistake not, a Unitarian minister, his views of the Atonement would, to say the least, probably be quite as heretical as those of S. S. Foster or the Editors of the Bugle, and though Mr. Winans may bark *infidel* at Disunion, he dares not at Liberty party.

Petitions.

Why don't our friends send in their petitions to the State and National Legislature? Remember that Congress has a short session this year, and it is desirable that your petitions be there in season.

We observe that some few have been received at Columbus, and they produced quite a sensation too, especially the one asking it to declare the Federal Union dissolved, on account of the annexation of Texas. Let the agitation be kept up—let the Legislature hear from a dozen towns every week until all the petitions be sent in. The Western Anti-Slavery Society sent out some 500 copies to be filled up and forwarded to Columbus—we hope they have all been circulated, and will be heard from soon. Enclose them in envelopes and send to such members as you wish to present them. Postage need not be paid.

The petition to Victoria may be sent post paid—to the editors of the Bugle, who will forward the same. To-day we received one of this kind from Betsy M. Cowles, containing 410 names. The friends at Austenburg and therabouts must have been very diligent in its circulation. Who will follow their example? Others have come to hand with a long list of names. Let us have the whole 240 copies, well filled, as soon as possible.

THE WEDDELL HOUSE.

This splendid hotel which has just been completed in Cleveland, is to be opened in the spring as a rum shop. A few weeks since a man who was working on the outside of the building at the lettering over the door, fell from the scaffolding and was instantly killed; how many will fall and be killed by the bottle-process inside the door, can be better told by the drunkard's widows and orphan children yet to be.

To Correspondents.

M. A. T. His articles shall be inserted at an early date. The money was received, and directions compiled with.

J. M. of M. Our thanks for the subscribers—we hope this is an earnest of what he will do in future. The communication accompanying his is unsuited to our columns. We left it at Painesville in care of the person with whom we found it. The two would occupy far more space than we could spare, if there were no other objection. As only one article will be inserted perhaps 50 extra copies will not be wanted. Let us know soon.

C. W. L. His request shall be attended to as soon as possible—the delinquent list shall be forwarded. There is no person here, at present, of the character described. If we see such a one, W. J. W. shall hear from us. Glad to learn our meetings did good.

J. W. W. A supply of "The Forborn Hope" has been ordered. He will receive a copy from Boston, in a few days.

A. L. C. D. His article is inadmissible.

B. W. R. His communication shall be inserted as soon as the press of matter we have on hand shall be disposed of.

A great deal of rhyme has been received, some of which forcibly reminds us of that very sensible couplet,

"A man can no more make himself a poet,
Than a sheep can make itself a goat."

A. R. has probably received a letter ere this, which has satisfied him that no blame should be attached to any one here. A copy of the Bugle was returned with his name on it, and a request to discontinue—this was done. We are sorry the difficulty occurred, of which he complains, but it was not our fault.

J. J. W. A communication as long as his, we cannot insert entire, unless it be a narrative of facts. Essays & "Reflections" should be brief. We may find room for a part of his article.

M. E. When opportunity offers his favor will appear.

Are the Wesleyans Retrograding?

Have not the Wesleyan Methodists of this country always claimed to be an anti-slavery body, willing to receive and fearless to preach the truth? and did not the recent action of a certain Conference prove that it at least has forgotten these high professions, and become tinctured with that spirit of compromise which has so cursed other sects? Is it not true that A. R. Dempster, on behalf of the church with which he is connected, preferred a charge against William J. Coon, one of the preachers belonging to the Leesburg Conference, the substance of which charge was, that in remarking upon the slaveholding character of James K. Polk and Henry Clay, he declared "they were two of the grandest villains in the United States?" This was perhaps an injudicious remark, and the speaker probably did not take into account the unpopularity of such a condemnation of the head of the Democratic, and the idol of the Whig party, nor consider how much the Wesleyan members of those parties would be offended by it.

It is true James K. Polk and Henry Clay are both slaveholders; but are they not also both honorable men, and are not all slaveholders honorable men? and is it not true that the Leesburg Conference did, at its last session held at Franklin about two months since, enter into the charge referred to? and although not pretending to deny the correctness of the statement made by the offender, did it not pass a resolution recommending him to be more *guarded in future*? not in the use of facts, but of language? If Clay and Polk, instead of stealing man, the most perfect and beautiful piece of living mechanism which the Master of the Universe ever created, had simply robbed the members of the Conference of their watches, would it have been so prompt to administer rebuke?

Uncharitableness.

It is high time this charge rests where it belongs. A prominent and very rabid Liberty party man in this county, was, the other day, berating Edmund Quincy in the most unmerciful way for his lack of charity—it required too great a stretch of credulity to believe that he was sincere when he declared that Whig and Democratic abolitionists were equally honest with Liberty party men—"But do you not believe," said we, "that a man can be an abolitionist and belong to the Whig or Democratic party?" "No, I do not," replied he emphatically, "no man can be a sincere abolitionist and belong to either of those parties." This is the declaration of one man, and is the sentiment doubtless of hundreds—we have good reason to believe. And this is charity in its fulness!—but when a Disunionist asserts, that notwithstanding the pro-slavery position of the Whig, Democratic and Liberty party abolitionist, yet each and all are sincere, and have the good of the slave at heart, that is uncharitableness forsooth! How true it is that every charge brought against the Disunionists is true of him who brings it.

The Hutchinson's.

These sweet singers have been shamefully treated in the Quaker City of late. The Musical Fund Hall had been procured for a series of concerts, and then was virtually closed by John Swift, the Mayor, after some had been held, because, forsooth, there were certain persons in that town of "Brotherly Love" who did not like to attend concerts at which colored persons were admitted.

Special Notice.

Those persons who wish their papers discontinued, must either have their Post Masters notify us by letter, or else return us a Bugle with their names and P. O. address written in full upon it. How else can we know where individuals live?

Salem Sewing Circle.

The Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle will meet at the house of Ruth Anna Lightfoot, on Saturday evening next. It is hoped there will be a general attendance, as business of importance will claim the attention of the members.

Gerrit Smith's Letter.

Some fears have been entertained, by Liberty party heresbouts, that we should not publish the last letter of Gerrit Smith to Edmund Quincy, which will be found upon our first page this week. We intended to give the correspondence entire, but Smith's letter only came to hand a few days since, consequently it could not have been inserted earlier. It is strange that Liberty party should pride itself upon this production of Smith's. The puerility of the logic, certainly cannot be more flattering, and if saire, of itself, be a high recommendation, some of the articles of Quincy and other Disunionists ought to be highly appreciated by that party.

TRUTH'S TELEGRAPH.—The 2nd number of this paper has come to hand. Milo D. Codding of Rochester, N. Y., is its editor and proprietor. It is a monthly scientific magazine, and consists of 32 octavo pages, one half of which, during the first year, will be occupied by a treatise on "The Philosophy of the Universe." From the cursory examination we have given the work, we think it will prove an interesting publication—as for the truth of the positions taken in the leading essay, its readers must judge for themselves. Price \$1 per year.

THE NATIONAL ERA.—The 1st number of Dr. Bailey's new paper has just come to hand. It is a handsome sheet, and the fact that a Liberty party paper is published in Washington city, is an evidence of great change in the feelings of the community.

"THE CHURCH AS IT IS; OR THE FORBIDDEN HOPE OF SLAVERY," by Parker Pillsbury. We have only time to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this work. We know it must be good, but when we look into its ourselves, we shall be better prepared to speak of its merits.

"THE SENATE OF MISSISSIPPI HAS PASSED AN ACT TO PERMIT A BLIND MAN TO SELL WHISKEY WITHOUT LICENSE." Ex. paper.

It may be owing to blindness on our part, but we are unable to see how any man who is not blind can desire to sell whiskey. He who deals out the liquid poison to his brother, must surely be blind to the awful consequences of that act, or blind to the requirements of love and good will toward his fellow man.

VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.—Captain Bankhead has been enlisting Virginia volunteers for the Mexican war in Philadelphia.—Strange, that the Old Dominion has to best up her volunteers in the Quaker State of Penn!

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS has our thanks for a copy of his speech on the Mexican war.—We desire to publish some extracts from it in our next.

"OUR FRIEND, GEORGE ORR, late of Ohio, but now residing in Philadelphia, is a good Abolitionist, and his Anti-Slavery acquaintance in the West would do well to give him a call when they go East. See his business advertisement in another column." S.

THE RAMSHORN.—Not a very euphonious name for a newspaper, certainly, but the publication is none the worse on that account.—It is issued weekly in New York city, by Van Rensselaer and Hedges, and devoted to the interests of the colored people. The first number—the only one we have received—presents a neat appearance. The price to mail subscribers is \$1 per year. The following article will give our readers some idea of the character of the paper.

OUR PAPER.

The design of this journal is to harmonize all classes among us for our mutual improvement. Hitherto we have had no medium of communication; hence in our judgment a necessity is created, and we feel that help is laid upon us—and we therefore send forth "THE RAM'S HORN" to the world, regardless of consequences. With regard to our learning and talents, we have but one word to say, and that is,—we have none to spare. We do not wish to give the impression that this is Van Rensselaer and Hedges' paper, but we wish every colored person in the world to feel that this is *his* paper—and you, reader, especially, that this is *your* paper; and to this end, we invite colored men, who are in the habit of writing, to send us *short* articles for insertion in our columns, that will contribute to the interest of the paper. We intend, as far as possible, to be impartial: the only consideration with us shall be *merit*: the only aristocracy that we shall delight to boast of is, that class of our brethren who are cultivating their own soil. "THE RAM'S HORN" will take a decided stand against kidnapping. Our private opinion is, that it is the highest duty of the colored people to protect themselves against this practice, at all hazards.—We may as well begin as we intend to hold out. It is well known that there is no law either State or National, that can protect a man (no matter what his color) when claimed by one of these kidnappers. Under such circumstances it is easy to determine what is *duty*. We live in a country of law—and yet our persons are without protection. What must we do in such cases? Nature answers,

From the Seat of War.

By the arrival of the steamship Massachusetts, at New Orleans, advice has been received from Tampico.

Considerable excitement has been produced at Tampico, in consequence of a report that a large body of Mexican cavalry were in that neighborhood.

It was positively asserted, and the report

generally believed in the American camp,

that Santa Anna had a force of 28,000 men

at San Luis Potosi. It was also reported

that he was taking the most stringent measures to thoroughly purge his army of all officers on whom there rested the remnant of suspicion for cowardice, it being his

determination to retain only those in whom

he could place the most implicit confidence for bravery and skill.

It was said that Gen. Ampudia, Col. Casasco, and a number of other Mexican officers, charged with cowardice, had been imprisoned by order of Santa Anna.

Santa Anna had likewise issued a decree,

dooming to death any officer who should disgrace himself by cowardly or unsoldier-like conduct in future.

Six thousand cavalry were reported to be

at Victoria, under the command of Gen. Uri-

re.

The Mexicans, to all outward appearance,

were in very good spirits, and expressed the

desire of being led against the invaders.

Gen. Pillow started from Matamoros on the

14th, with the intention of going about 25

miles distant, where he would await the ar-

ival of Gen. Patterson, and the remainder of

his division and train.

Gen. Taylor was to leave Monterey on the

10th, with the division under Gen. Twiggs,

and the portion of Gen. Smith's brigade,

and the rest of the army.

HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 25th 1846.</

POETRY.

The Days that are Gone.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"For at least a thousand years, the whole country seemed in a long and sunny dream. Every man had his little plot, or could enclose it for a small annual acknowledgement, and the rural race lived on with little exertion and no care." — *Wm. Howitt in Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone?
When a noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs, with their burdens well filled, lay on their backs,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
And for aught but his 'order' he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and racks for the poor,
And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor!

They were days when a man with a Thought in his pate,
Was a man that was born for the popular hate;
And if 'twere a thought that was good for his kind,
The man was too vile to be left unconfined:
The days when obedience in right or in wrong,
Was always the sermon and always the song;
When the People, like cattle, were pounded or driven,
And to scourge them was thought a King's license from Heaven.

They were days when the Sword settled questions of right;
And falsehood was first to monopolize might;
When the fighter of battles was always sadored,

And the greater the tyrant, the dearer the lord;
When the King, who by myriads, could number his slain,
Was considered by far the most worthy to reign;

When the fate of the multitude hung on his breath—
A god in his life and a saint in his death.
They were days when the headsman was always prepared—

The block ever ready—the axe ever bared;
When a corpse on the gibbet aye swung to and fro,
And the fire at the stake never shoudered too low,

When famine and age made a woman a witch;
To be roasted alive, or be drowned in a ditch;
When difference of creed was the vilest of crime,
And martyrs were burned half a score at a time.

They were days when the gallows stood black in the way,
The larger the town the more plentiful they; When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;

When Justice herself, taking law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died; And the stealer of sheep, and the slayer of men,

Were strung up together again and again.

They were days when the Crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were cut off its reach; When Ignorance, stupid and dense, was its doom,

And Bigotry snatched it from cradle to tomb;
When the Few thought the Many mere workers for them,

To use them, and when they had used, to contemn;
And the Many, poor fools, thought the treatment their due,
And crawled in the dust at the feet of the Few.

No—the Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul.

And we are too wise, like the Bigots to mourn,
For the darkness of days that shall never return.

Worn out and extinct, may their history serve
As a beacon to warn us whene'er we would swerve;

To shun the Oppression, the Folly and Crime
That blacken the page of the Record of Time.

Their Chivalry lightened the gloom it is true,
And Honor and Loyalty dwelt with the Few; But small was the light, and of little avail, Compared with the blaze of our Press and our Rail,

Success to that blaze! May it shine over all,
Till Ignorance learns with what grace she may fall,

And fly from the world with the sorrow she wrought,
And leave it to Virtue and Freedom of Thought.

A Picture.

A Boston correspondent of the Pa. Freeman has been giving a poetical description of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, or rather of some of the persons in attendance. It is too long to copy entire, but the following extract will be acceptable to most of our readers, who are acquainted with those described.

Beyond, a crater in each eye, Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury, Who tears up words like trees by the roots, A Theseus in stout cowhide boots; The wager of eternal war Against that loathsome Minotaur To whom we sacrifice each year The best blood of our Athens here, A terrible desouner he, Old Sisit burns unquenchably Upon his lips; he well might be a Notchizing seal from fierce Judas, Habakkuk, Ezra or Hosea. His words burn as with iron sparsers, And nightmares like he mounts his hearers,

Spurring them like avenging fate, or As Waterton his alligator.

Hard by, as calm as summer even, Smiles the reviled and pealed Stephen, The unpassable Boanerges To all the churches and the clergies, The grim *satan* who, to complete His own peculiar cabinet Contrived to label with his ticks One from the followers of Hicks; Who studied meteorology, Not with soft boot upon the knee, But learned the properties of stones By contact sharp of flesh and bones, And made the *experimentum crucis* With his own body's vital juices. A man with cautious endurance, A perfect gem for life insurance, A kind of maddened John the Baptist, To whom the harshest word comes aptest; Who, struck by stone or brick ill-started, Hurts back an epithet as hard, Which, deadlier than stone or brick, Has a propensity to stick. His oratory is like the scream Of the iron horse's phrenzied steam Which warns the world to leave wide space For the black engine's awreless race. Ye men with neckcloths white I warn you, *Habakuk* a whole *haymow in cornu*.

A Judith, there, turned Quakeress, Sits Abby in her modest dress, Serving a table quietly, As if that mild and down east eye Flushed never with its scorn intense More than Medea's eloquence. So the same force which shakes its dread Far-blazing locks o'er Atala's head, Along the wires in silence fares And messages of commerce bears. No nobler gift of heart and brain, No life more white from spot or stain, Was ever on Freedom's altar laid Than her's—the Simple Quaker maid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Walks in Childhood.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The years of my childhood passed away in humble and grateful simplicity. I loved the shadow of high rocks, and the free music of the brooks in summer. My heart was full of gladness, though it scarcely knew why.—I then found companionship among the beautiful and tuneful things of nature, and was happy all the day. But when even darkened the landscape, I sat down mournfully. There was no brother into whose hands I might put my own, and say, "Lead me forth to look at the solemn stars, and tell me of their names." Sometimes, too, I wept in my bed, because there never doubt was a sister to lay her gentle head upon the same pillow.

Often at twilight, before the lamp was lighted, there came up out of my brotherhood and sisterless bosom what seemed to be a companion. I talked with it, and it comforted me. I did not know that its name was *Thought*. But I waited for it, and whatsover it asked of me, I answered.

It questioned me of my knowledge. And I said, I knew where the first fresh violets of Spring grew, and when the sweet lily of the vale comes forth from its broad, green sheath; and where the vine climbs to hide its purple grapes, and how the nut ripens in the forest after the Autumn comes with its sparkling frost. I knew how the bee is nourished in Winter, by that essence of flowers which her industry imbalsms; and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of the domestic animals, and to know the names of the birds that build their nests in my father's trees.

But Thought inquired of me, "What knowledge hast thou of those who reason, and hath dominion over the things that God hath created?" Then I confessed, "Of my own race, save of those who nurture me, do I know nothing."

I was troubled at my ignorance. So I went forth more widely, and earnestly regarded what was passing among men.

Once I walked abroad, when the dew of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lilies dropped their beautiful bells, as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song into the hearts of even her silent children. But I looked only on those whose souls have been the gift of reason, and who are not born to die. I said, if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day, and in the bird that bears to its nest but a single crumb of bread, and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother, what must it be in those who are surrounded with good things as with a flowing river, and whose knowledge need have no limit but life, and who know, that though they seem to die, it is to live forever.

Then I looked upon a group of children. Their garb was neglected, and their looks uncombed. They were untid and untidy, and clamored loudly, with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me.

I heard two friends speak harsh and violent words to each other, and turned away abriged at the blows they dealt.

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had a son, an only one. I toiled from his cradle, that he might be fed and clothed, and taught wisdom. He grew up to bless me.—All my labor and weariness were forgotten, I knew no want, for he cherished me. But he left me to be a soldier. On the field of battle he fell. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul shall return no more."

I said, "Show me a field of battle, that I may know what war means!"

He said, "Thou art not able to bear the sight. I will tell thee what I have seen when the battle was done. A broad plain, covered with the dead, and those who struggled in the pangs of death. The earth trampled, and stained with blood. Wounded horses rolling upon their riders, and tearing with their hoofs the mangled forms that lay near them. And for every man that was there in his blood and agony, how bitter must be the mourning of the parents who reared him, or of the wife whom he protected, or of the young children who sat upon his knee. Yet this is but a little part of the misery that war createth."

Then I said, "Tell me no more, I beseech thee, of battle or of war, for my heart is sick."

When I saw the silver-haired man raise his eyes upwards, I kneeled down by his side. And he prayed, "Lord, keep this child from anger and hatred and ambition, which are the seeds of war. And grant to all, who take the name of Jesus Christ, peaceable and meek hearts, that shunning the deeds of strife, they may dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven."

The Fatal Gift.

[REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-AGENT.]

During one portion of my career as an agent of the Total Abstinence Society, I was engaged for some months in striving to convert the good folks of Chancery Islands, to a right apprehension and a practical adoption of the teetotal system. It was my custom at that time, to hold forth five evenings in the week, to the inhabitants of St. Peter's Port. As the town was not so large as many of our English towns, I had of course to burnish up my wits somewhat industriously, in order to find new matter for the education of my auditors. In kind consideration of the arduous character of my task, a few members of the Temperance Society were in the habit of giving short addresses at my meeting, and not unfrequently imparting much interest to the meetings, and much instruction to the people who composed them. Of one of these kind friends I shall ever think respectfully and gratefully. He was a member of the Society of Friends, rather advanced in years, of a most benign aspect, and a truly benevolent disposition. He possessed some property and considerable influence, and frequently devoted a portion of both to the spread of the Temperance cause. One evening he presided at one of my meetings. It was held in the Friends' meeting house. The crew were all asleep, and neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that swept it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry!

It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway.—We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours and

listened if we might hear the halloo of any of the survivors, but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more."

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